

WINCHESTER DAILY BULLETIN.

"THE WILL OF A PEOPLE RESOLVED TO BE FREE IS A LITTLE LESS THAN OMNIPOTENT."

OL. 1. WINCHESTER, TENN., FEBRUARY 7, 1863. NO. 93

The Daily Bulletin.

W. J. SLATTER, PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:
DOLLAR PER MONTH.

Notice to Subscribers.

When you find before your name on the paper, please renew your subscription, it is a notice that the time for which it was paid will expire in a few days.

A very limited space in the Daily Bulletin will be allowed for advertisements.

For each square, 1st insertion; 50cts for each subsequent insertion.

Articles of much length, intended for publication, must be handed in in the forenoon to the publication next day.

Funerals, Tributes of Respect, and Funeral Services charged as advertisements, but marriages and deaths published as news.

Advertisements of charitable institutions at special prices.

Use of God in the War--The Promises and their Fulfillment.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer 21st.]

About a year ago Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, made a speech at Faneuil's Vineyard, in which he is reported to have said: "He was not superstitious, but he could not fail to recognize the fact, that from the day the Government turned its back on the proclamation of General Hunter, the fortunes of the war had turned against it."

About the same time the same man was thought to be impressed upon the minds of the people every where, through the country by the clergy, the press, the orators of the Abolition party, and all the traveling lecturers, from Wendell Phillips to Saml. May.

Some of them dated the withdrawal of the Divine favor from the Union, from the day when the Government refused to modify the Fremont proclamation; but all agreed that it was the consequence of one or the other of those acts that God had been angry; and as the best way to win the President for his contumacy, was at the same time gratify His own humor, had resolved to go over to the other side, and give our enemies a good time at our expense.

It is true we have always been informed by these gentlemen that, on an emergency, God is for the side of the truth. Besides regarding us with peculiar favor on account of our Puritan ancestry, and our superior religious and moral character. He looks upon us as the party to which has been especially committed the preservation of the National unity, to which—if they are to be believed—he has conceived a most extravagant attachment; considering it to be the sole guarantee of the last hope of political freedom to the human race.

Recently, however, according to their representations, he has become strongly imbued with Abolition sentiments—to which, perhaps, the prayers of the clergy, the efforts of New England lecturers, and the lucid positions of moral points in the messages of Mr. Lincoln have, to some degree, contributed—under the influence of which He is inclined to look upon any indulgence of slavery as a personal offense of a peculiarly heinous character; justifying the most vigorous measures for its eradication and punishment.

It may be thought by some, rather strange than otherwise, that God, who has established and regulated slavery in the law as given to Moses, should of a sudden have come out so decidedly against it.

We suspect the true explanation of this to be—and indeed it is in entire conformity with the clerical idea that wisdom and unchangeableness are theological expressions of relative qualities, and mean simply that God thinks thus and thus, as he is at present advised. Not that he does not progress, and is neither amenable to reason, nor affected by the force of public sentiment. The era of Moses was considerably before the day of the Puritans, the Phillipses, the Garrisonians, the Lovejoys, and the Beechers. It was before the days of William L. Chapin, in the New York Spectator, and Charles Hammond, in the Cincinnati

Gazette, and long before the days of those greater luminaries, the Tribunes, the Posts, the Independents, in whose favor the negro is so exalted and illustrated that even his maker would hardly recognize his own handiwork in the glorified being that is presented to his inspection.

Had God, in his first dispensation, been favored with the assistance of the Beecher family, with an occasional word of advice from Greeley, Brownson, and Giddings, there is, at least, room to conjecture that, upon the slavery question, the Levite would have a very different appearance.

It may also be thought curious that God should see fit to punish us for our want of intensity in the cause of Abolition at the hands of those who are fighting not only to break up the Union to which He is so partial, but to continue and perpetuate their dominion over the oppressed and down-trodden African; and this especially when every victory which He accords to them serves to render our prospects so much the more gloomy and hopeless.

These are things that need explanation; and we have the right to look to gentlemen who, upon certain points profess to know so much of His thoughts and determinations, for an elucidation of this, one of the darkest of His Providences. If there is, as one of our religious contemporaries inform us, "no sin against men or God, saving perhaps blasphemy, at all to be compared" with that treason which seeks to dissolve our national unity, how is it that God has, from the beginning of this war, waged to sustain and preserve such unity, given the advantage to those who seek to destroy it, against those who are expending so much blood and treasure to save it from being destroyed?

But the speech of Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and the writings of our Abolition, Union, clerical and secular contemporaries, all either expressly or impliedly include this promise: that if the President in the name of the nation should improve his evil ways, remember the course of the captive in bondage, and proclaim freedom and the breaking of his chain, then God would repent him of the evil which he had done, would smile upon our cause, would make bare His arm to our assistance, would give success to our arms, and victory to our banners, inflict shame and confusion upon our enemy, the oppressor, and would so suddenly and signally define His own position that all who had doubted His attachment to the Union and His sympathy with "the great cause of human freedom," would be covered with astonishment and dismay.

On the twenty-second day of September last the President of the United States, after long and anxious consultations with several delegations of gentlemen officially representing the court of Heaven, and claiming to be intimately conversant with the views of the Almighty, issued his proclamation giving freedom to the slave. With this proclamation these gentlemen professed themselves to be satisfied. The President had placed the nation upon the right footing. The way was now clear for God to work; and one of the same order, in this city, attended to the then past and present as follows:

"Now our armies did not stand successfully before our enemies. With inexhaustible resources of men and means they are further back than they were a year ago. The true cause of it is we have sinned. And our defeats may be in mercy, and we believe they are in mercy. All the while the duty was plain, and with no resources, we care not how vast, could we succeed until God was obeyed. The Government might call for another million of men, but of what force are millions of men, if it be so that the contest is between God and the nation. It is said that when a prominent man from the North-west gave President Lincoln a recital of the barbarities of the Indian massacre in Minnesota, the President exclaimed 'Can it be that God is against us?' 'No,' replied his informant, 'but we are against ourselves.' This reported

incident, whether true or false, illustrates a most important fact, and should teach a most important lesson. God can not but be with the right."

Three months have passed since, according to his spiritual advisers, Mr. Lincoln and the nation put themselves right before God; and yet the promised victories have not come. On the contrary, our battles are defeats; each succeeding one more disastrous than its predecessors. The path behind our armies in their marches is a vast Golgotha. Our towns are hospitals offensive with the smell of decaying human flesh, and heart-rending with the variety and intensity of the suffering of which they are the scenes. The land is filled with mourning, and the cry of widows and orphans goes up to Heaven. The Government is bankrupt; the soldiers mutinous for want of wages; the Constitution is trampled upon by those who are sworn to protect and defend it; the army is demoralized by defeat and want of confidence in its leaders; the Union is tottering, and needs scarcely more than a breath to dissolve an anarchy of uncohesive elements.

And now we, on behalf of the people, have the right to inquire: Where, O ye priests—ye men who professed to know the whole counsel, and speak the decrees of the Almighty—where are the victories that, in his name, ye promised? Where is the united people, the restored confidence, the reconstituted Union, the vindicated Constitution; where the hope of extending our Nationality over this vast continent; where is our present and our hope of future prosperity; where even, that civil liberty which we once boasted of as our peculiar birth-right; and which we once flattered ourselves never would and never could be taken away?

Over all these things you promised, upon certain conditions, an especial exertion of divine guardianship. The conditions have been complied with: where is the guardianship? We are a deeply humiliated people; with little prospect except for deeper and less tolerable humiliations. And your darling and peculiar trophies—what are they? Twenty or thirty thousand negroes reduced or driven from their homes, naked, homeless, starving and dying under the parental care of yourselves and Government. Does the all-seeing eye of God look down upon a scene more redundant in all the elements of sorrow and repentance?

And we have the right to say further: that in making these promises in the name of God, you lied. What is more, you knew at the time that you were lying. You knew nothing of his will. It was your own mad passions and fanatic designs that you presented to the world as divine revelations. At once hypocrites and deicides, you have labored to plunge this country into a war, and are now laboring to bar every avenue to its extrication. Upon you, the slaughter of our battle fields, and the desolation of our homes have no influence. You are as incapable of pity, as you are of remorse. In this unholy enterprise you have prostituted your reason and your religion. If the worst of all sins in this world is blasphemy, you are the worst of all blasphemers. And if on the last great day of account you do not call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon you, there will be no particular use for rocks and mountains in the divine economy.

FROM CORINTH.—During a movement of Colonel Roddy's cavalry recently made in the vicinity of Corinth, they succeeded in capturing sixteen prisoners and a few horses. A private letter from Tusculum, informs us that the prisoners reported ten thousand troops at Corinth. One of them informed the writer that four thousand negroes were being drilled in the camps to "help crush the rebellion," but that a great deal of dissatisfaction existed among the troops in regard to the enlistment of negroes. Another prisoner expressed the opinion that "it would be better to recognize the Confederacy and let it go to hell."—Memphis Appeal.

An Appeal for Peace.

Such language as is contained in the subjoined impassioned appeal for peace would, a few months ago, have procured for the writer a place in some Lincolnian bastille. But so great is the change that has come over the spirits of the men in power, in Yankeeedom, that they dare not raise their hands to punish the offender who penned, nor the offenders who republish it. The administration is evidently conscious of its weakness:

A TRUCE DEMANDED.

From the New York Freeman's Journal.

Is it not time to recognize, at length, the impotency of the Federal Government to do what it has no authority to do? Were the Administration indeed taking care of its citizens, and not exclusively of negroes who cannot be its citizens, a solution of the problem would be easy.

Peace! Peace! Peace! We cry, by the Holy Name of Him who, at this Christmas time, was heralded by angels as bringing "peace to men of good will."

Oh, stop this horrid butchery of Americans by Americans! Stop this flood of war and desolation, by which this land is becoming most desolate! Have you accomplished anything? Did we not forewarn you so? If you are so blind as not to see, you ought to trust those who have proved they can see. Stop this war! Wicked and foolish men, you are in despair at the prospect before you, and yet you dare, as if you were fully sold to the demon, to cry out still: "Slay! slay! more blood, more carnage!"

Call a truce! Let us put off the renewal of the contest, if it must be renewed, till we know for what we are fighting. Let us out it off, till the vile cause of it, the abominable thing, New England fanaticism in the manipulation of New York rogues, has been put out of the way? Then, then only, we may have, not a truce only, but a peace.

GEN. FORREST.—A Northern paper gives the following account of the capture and escape of Gen. Forrest in West Tennessee:

The rebel Forrest was taken prisoner by Company I, of the Fifth during the fight. He rode boldly up to them, supposing them to be a portion of his own men. (Most of the rebels were dressed in the Federal uniform.) He remarked, "boys, what in the hell are you doing here?" The Hoosiers replied by pointing their muskets at him and ordering him to surrender. "Certainly," said Forrest, "I want to surrender." His apparent willingness to surrender allayed the suspicions of our men, and he was not securely guarded. Being dressed as a private they never suspected his rank, or that he was the distinguished author of an untold amount of devilment. He soon discovered a chance to escape, which he improved, and being mounted on a swift and splendid animal, he put spurs to it. Waving his hat and shouting adieu to our men, he lay down upon his horse's neck, and although not less than a hundred shots were fired at him, he escaped unhurt.

The New York World publishes the marine losses for December. It sums up a total of forty-three vessels, valued at four millions and a half. The "Pirate Semmes" gets credit for capturing and destroying 948,000 of the amount. Semmes' work for December is within a fraction of a million of dollars.

Gov. Foote, of Tennessee, has introduced in the House of Representatives resolutions of inquiry concerning the captured and intercepted dispatches entrusted to Mr. Reid Saunders, and expresses the opinion that the dispatches have been mutilated by the Yankees.

A beautiful lady's smiles are magnets to draw metal from the purse.